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Bowdoin College Bulletin

Number 93 July, 1919

Memorial Address

June 22, 1919

Brunswick, Maine

Entered as second-class matter, June 28, 1907, at Brunswick, Maine under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894

Published monthly by the College

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A Memorial Address

FOR THOSE BOWDOIN MEN
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES
IN THE WAR

BY PRESIDENT SILLS

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Order of Service

Prelude—"Grave and Adagio" (Second organ Sonata)
Mendelssohn

"America"—Hymn 381

Responsive Reading and Gloria Patri

Hymn 304—"The Son of God goes forth to war"

Scripture Lesson

Reading of names

Address—President Sills

Solo—"My hope is in the Everlasting" Stainer

My hope is in the Everlasting, that He will save you; and joy is come unto me from the Holy One, because of the mercy which shall soon come unto you from the Everlasting, our Saviour.

I sent you out with mourning and weeping—but God will give you to me again with joy and gladness forever.

Prayer and Benediction

"Star Spangled Banner"

Postlude—Marche Solennelle Callaerts

Honor Roll

Class of 1897

Robert Lord Hull. Major, M.R.C. d. 4 Jan., 1919, San Francisco, Cal.

Class of 1910

Warren Eastman Robinson. 1st Lieut., 102d Machine Gun Battalion. Killed in action, 6 Nov., 1918, in France.

Class of 1910, Non-Graduate

Harold Sumner Small. Sergt., 1st Maine H.F.A. d. 3 Dec., 1917, Camp Greene, N. C.

Class of 1912

Roland Hiram Waitt. 20th F.A. Killed in action, 7 Sept., 1918, in France.

Class of 1913

Charles Roy Bull. d. Camp Lee, Va.

Class of 1913, Non-Graduate

Frederick Trevenen Edwards. 1st Lieut., F.A. Killed in action, 6 Oct., 1918, in France.

Class of 1914

Omar Perlie Badger. M.R.C. d. 25 Sept., 1918, Boston, Mass.

Leonard Henry Gibson, Jr. Corp., Depot Brigade. d. 27 Sept., 1918, Camp Devens, Mass.

Class of 1914, Non-Graduates

Edward Alfred Trottier. U.S.N.R.F. d. 23 Sept., 1918, Brookline, Mass.

Douglas Urquhart. Sergt., 104th Inf. d. July, 1918, of wounds, in France.

Class of 1915, Non-Graduates

Charles William Wallace Field. 2d Lieut., 103d Inf. Killed in action, July, 1918, in France.

Stuart Pingree Morrill. 26th Co., C.A.C. d. 27 Jan., 1918, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Class of 1917

Benjamin Pliny Bradford. 1st Lieut., Aviation Corps. Killed in aeroplane accident, 6 Aug., 1918, Tours, France.

Forbes Rickard, Jr. 2d Lieut., 59th Inf. Killed in action, 20 July, 1918, in France.

Class of 1917, Non-Graduates

Frank Durham Hazeltine. 2d Lieut., 101st Inf. Killed in action, 12 Sept., 1918, in France.

Judson Gordon Martell. Capt., 60th Inf. Killed in action, 14 Oct., 1918, in France.

Class of 1918

Wilfrid Olivier Bernard. M.R.C. d. 17 Dec., 1918, Brunswick, Me.

Class of 1918, Non-Graduates

Carroll Edward Fuller. Pvt. d. 26 Sept., 1918, Camp Devens, Mass.

Joseph Ralph Sandford. 1st Lieut., Royal Flying Corps. Killed in action, May, 1918, in France.

Class of 1919, Non-Graduates

Albert Davis Holbrook. 2d Lieut., 23rd Inf. d. 19 June, 1918, in German Field Hospital.

William Frye Martin. M.C. Killed in action, 9 Oct., 1918, in France.

Francis Yvonnet Van Schoonhoven, Jr. 1st Lieut., 101st Inf. Killed in action in France.

Class of 1920

Lawrence Hill Cate. Ensign, Aviation Corps. d. 9 Oct., 1918, Pensacola, Fla.

Michael Joseph Delehanty. Aviation Corps. Killed in aeroplane accident, 25 March, 1918, Pensacola, Fla.

William Blake Taft. Signal Corps. d. 31 May, 1919, Washington, D. C.

Class of 1922

Samuel Garnons Bush. S.A.T.C. d. 22 Dec., 1918, Brunswick, Me.

Medical Class of 1913

Wyvern Almon Coombs. 1st Lieut., M.R.C. Killed in accident, 23 Apr., 1918, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Honorary Graduate

Sherman Avery White. Lieut. Col., U.S.A. Killed in accident, 30 Nov., 1918, in France.

Class of 1889

George Taylor Files. Y.M.C.A. d. 23 Apr., 1919, Boston, Mass.

Address

By President Sills

The reading of these familiar names in this place and at this time is far more eloquent than any formal memorial address. Yet since this service would be strangely incomplete and cold were no words of gratitude uttered, I ask you to think with me for a few minutes what discipline of self, what sacrifice, what love of country we here honor. Every one of these men whether in glorious combat on the field or in the dread routine of duty in camp died with his face to the foe, expressing in that final act the noblest tradition of the College. "They would be free or die," not only because they were American citizens, but because they had learned here their kinship with the heroes of the past and their obligation to keep the heritage that had been so richly won for them. They poured out "the red, sweet wine of youth" without a murmur or regret; because, as one of them wrote, they knew they were the chosen representatives of their countless brothers who would as freely have given their lives, had God so willed. Could

their brave young spirits, who may be even now hovering near their beloved college home, be given utterance, we may be sure they would say: "We have only done what many others would have done; and if you honor us, do not forget them."

The war, changing our ideas about so many things, has removed almost entirely our fear of death. When we see the brave and the young leave us thus gloriously, the sting of death is gone; the victory of the grave is a defeat. To hold life so lightly that we can toss it away in a splendid cause with all the zest of a lover, and at the same time to value, as youth does, the joy of living so that the sacrifice is real—this is the better part.

As always happens when men do brave, unselfish deeds, they are now a part of history. They are brothers to those golden lads who clothed themselves with the dust of death at Thermopylae; to the sailor men who gleefully shattered the Spanish Armada; to the embattled farmers of Concord; to those who at Gettysburg gave their lives that the nation might live. Vimy Ridge—for some of our boys fought there,—Chateau Thierry, the Argonne, shall thrill men as did the great battles of old; their names shall be

"Familiar in our mouths as household words;"

and when the stories are retold, here at Bowdoin no Commencement shall go by

"From this day to the ending of the world
But they in it shall be remembered
Those few, those happy few, that band of brothers."

The war has proved once more what the ancients knew and what Christ taught, that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In this, the supreme test, the college man is no more worthy of praise than are his brothers in other walks of life; but in other respects the contribution of the college man to the war was somewhat different. Deep down in his heart he felt somehow or other that his college training had made his soul, as old Boethius in prison wrote, superior to fortune. And so it made really no difference to him whether he should come marching home some bright, sunny day, or whether he should join the ranks of the gallant unreturning. The storm might sink his craft or bring it to a quiet haven; but he would hold the rudder true. In his own citadel of self he would endure cheerfully whatever fate meted out to him. And so in all the adversity of war, in sickness and in wounds, in prison camp and in death itself, these

merry care-free lads, these sober, earnest men kept their own souls.

There is then no sadness in this memorial service; we mourn our dead but with solemn pride:

"Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt;
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

For we celebrate a triumph here—the triumph of freedom over might, and of the freedom-loving spirit over death.

As they represented us and their mates in death, so it is our part to represent them in life. No such happy fate as theirs awaits us. In the freshness and vigor of life they gave themselves completely to their country; all that might have been done amiss lies covered in a glorious grave; we think only of the beauty of the sacrifice. Something of their immortal freshness will always linger about these halls to show future generations yet untold what youth has done, that youth may do. If we represent them aright in the new world that is to be; if we reproduce and hand on their simplicity, their unaffected devotion to duty, their genuineness, this college will be a happier place, and this country even nobler than it now is. They played

their parts well, however we may play ours; their responsibility ended when they gave their all—no less. But it is not idle to think that they will rest more quietly if the things for which they fought triumph.

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